

THE
PRETENDER's Flight,

O R,
A Mock Coronation.

WITH THE
HUMOURS of the Facetious

Harry Saint John.

A
Tragi-Comical F A R C E.

Being the Sequel of
The Earl of Mar marr'd.

By Mr. PHILIPS.

*He came into the Camp like a Spy, and
went out of it like a Deserter.*

Town-Talk, N^o IX.

L O N D O N :

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The PRETENDER.

Bolingbroke.

Mar.

Marischal.

Hamilton.

Mackenzie, } *Two of Mar's Officers.*
Wilson. }



Captain *Smith*, an *English* Officer,
taken Prisoner at *Dunblain*.

John, an *Englishman*, Footman to
the Two Nuns.

W O M E N.

Madam D'aurant, } *Two French*
Madam Bouquet. } *Nuns.*

Lætitia, a Scot's Lady.

Officers, Soldiers, Attendants.

SCENE PERTH.

PROLOGUE.

I HEAR Alarms, and bloody Wars begin,
'Twixt haughty Drury-Lane, and Lincoln's-Inn,
Advertisements against Advertisements are toss'd,
Bills fight with Bills, and clash on ev'ry Post;
Coblers of Preston like two Socia's Rise,
So like—they might deceive their Author's Eyes:
We were not put of old in more Amaze, Sirs,
By doubtful Ink-Powders, and Strops for Razors;
Razors and Ink-Powder, portentous Names!
Enough to put a sober World in Flames!
But Lincoln's-Inn now Summons all its Fury,
And plies with double Strokes the Sons of Drury;
Her Tragick Scenes come thick on one another,
With Fall of Siam, and Perfidious Brother;
To reckon half would be a tedious Task,
Her Mushroom Farce, her Comedy and Masque.
The Sons of Drury like old Soldiers come,
With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum;
One single Devil entring in the Fight
Puts Rich and all his Myrmidons to flight.
In Imitation of these Men of Wit
We too have got a Spectre—for the Pit;
A double, whimsical, fantastick Thing,
A real Coxcomb, but a Wou'd-be King;
A fillier Pretender sure, than Theirs,
Who Highland Ladies in the Night-time scares;
A hollow, sunk-ey'd Creature that may boast
The best and truest Title to a Ghost,
Since no Man e'er cou'd tell, as I could hear,
Who or his Father, or his Mother were!
And then again, he can't endure the Day,
But as you'll see him in our present Play,
He frightens Folks, then vanishes away.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Capt. SMITH.

GOOD Authors say that Cupid has his Wars,
And is as brave a God as Bully Mars;
You that are us'd to Down and gaudy Couches
May not approve of what the Poet vouches;
But take a Soldier's Word and Honour too,
Love on a Mattress, or Field-Bed, will do:
Howe'er you may some Circumstances blame,
The Scene of Action, Faith, is still the same;
For when there's Inclination strong enough between us,
The God of War in Trench can Court his Venus.

From my Example you may fairly prove,
No Clime is Proof against the Darts of Love;
It is a Plant of stubborn Stem that grows,
And holds its Verdure, tho' in Ice and Snows:
The hottest Countries make it flourish strongest,
But then your cold ones always keep it longest:
As from us Northern People it appears
That some of us can Love at Fourscore Years.
There was a Fellow here, a Tall Slim Lad,
Upon my Word he look'd—as if he had——
He came for Kingdoms, and the Lord knows what,
But Troth instead of Crowns he Something got.
No more—sweet Ladies—Don't you smell a Plot?
Well, I must tell you now, I saw him Cry,
And rub his Fingers o'er his dirty Eye;
He Cry'd so well—with such a whining Strain,
That had the Brat been mine, I'll tell you plain,
I a'd Whipp'd him—for to hear him Cry again.
But he is gone, his Godfather the Pope,
By great good Luck, has sav'd him from a Rope;
And on his puny Head designs to clap,
Instead of Britain's Crown, a Card'nal's Cap.

THE



THE
PRETENDER's Fate,
O R,
A Mock Coronation.



SCENE PERTH.

*Enter Mackenzie and Wilson, Two of
Mar's Officers.*

Mac. **H**OW does the Winter wear with you, Brother? If Heaven sends us more of this Weather, and our King sends us no more Cloaths, we are likely to be in a fine Condition to play the Game out with the Duke of *Argyle*; he has got another sort of Equipage, I believe, about him, than
B these

these tatter'd Rags, prudently kept from straying from each other by this faded Sash; or otherwise one keen Blast from the North would leave me as bare and naked as an old Mountain Oak in this Season of the Year.

Wilf. Faith, Brother, your Complaints are very reasonable, but we may as well argue with the Weather about its persecuting keenness, as with our *General* about better Rigging: All that I know, is, that we are likely to starve, or freeze for him; for to fight for him in our present State is impossible.

Mac. Now methinks it would be a pretty Contrivance to seize *Newcastle upon Tyne*, carry off all the Coals, and let our Adversaries freeze without Relief in their Turn. Pox take that *Forster*, and his sawcy Pretensions, he promised us good Winter-Quarters there, but he has since taken up with worse himself. Well, 'tis better, however, to starve in *Scotland*, than hang in *England*.

Wilf. There I hold with you: If a Man is to be sacrific'd, the best way is to have a Tryal of Skill who falls first; but to take a solemn March with ones Hands ty'd behind one, be drove along like a Flock of Shorn *Wethers*, and star'd at like some foreign Monsters, is worse, in my Opinion, than being Whipt from Tithing to Tithing, till a Man arrives to the comfortable Subsistence of a Parish-allowance in his own Country.

Mac. But you have left out the worst part of the Story; the most Soldier-like Reception a Man meets with at the end of this noble Cavalcade, the four Face of a *Turn-Key*, saluting you with a hearty Welcome, and a pair of Iron Boots, which one must wear for Life, unless the Magick of a better Metal pulls them off again. And then the confounded Farce of Examinations, Confessions, Tryals, Parsons, and
Hang-

Hangmen. — And after that the Posthumous Persecution of Session-Paper and Penny Elegies.

Wils. Why Faith, methinks I begin to like the Weather again; we may Rail, Faith, but *Perth* is not so uncomfortable a Mansion, as some others beyond the *Tweed*. Now, considering all Things, I like my Station well enough, and had I but an honest *Scots* Pound or two in my Pocket, I would go drink it away this Minute, to baulk the Enemy of Plunder, if I should happen to fall into their Hands. But alas! though we have *Two Kings*, the Devil take me if I can get a sight of one of their Faces upon a Doit of their Coins.

Mac. I am naked too of that sort of Metal, yet now I think on it, I have one of the *Dutchess* of *Gordon's* Medals in my Pocket, and since his Majesty will not give us his Presence, I shall make bold to Pawn his Picture, and take it up again when he comes, to compare it with the Original. But look, here comes the merry *Captain*, that we took at *Dunblain*; you know his free Temper, and his flowing Pockets, and it is two to one if I don't save little *Jemmy* till another opportunity, for he would not scruple to treat us, provided we suffer him to rally our Cause a little.

Enter Captain Smith.

So, your humble Servant, *Captain*, what think'st now of Sack and Eggs this cold Morning? Will you make one at the *Blue Bonnet*?

Capt. Smith. If you'll promise not to spoil my Breakfast with the Praises of your *Bar-le-duc Bastard*, I don't care if I try to mend your cold Climate with a Bottle or two; it will keep my Loyalty warm to remember the brave Men who gave a Check to Rebellion; and dy'd for their Country at *Dunblain*.

Mac. As to that Point we shall let you have your own Humour, but there is another that you must indulge us in.

Capt. Smith. Not a Word of Calumny or Scandal against the *King* whom I have sworn Allegiance to, none of your idle Stories, and *Englist* Lyes, which the Party take care to propagate in the *North*, to feed the poor languishing Flame of Rebellion. These, I say, I cannot hear, and tho' a Prisoner, will resent them at the peril of my Life—— Upon these Terms I am yours.

Wils. Prithee, *Captain*, you are talking of Articles and Conditions we never thought of; our grand Preliminary is only that we will be your Guests at the Tavern.

Capt. Smith. With all my Heart, I know your Stock runs low enough, and it is a Shame, even to the worst of Causes, that he who maintains it with the Sword, should want a fair Subsistence. But by this you may Estimate the Promises of your Leaders, Gentlemen, and what are likely to be the future Rewards of a Gallant Service from a mistaken Principle; for though I am your Enemy, as I think you are my Country's, yet I can't entertain so mean an Opinion of you, as to believe you were decoy'd into the Rebellion for Mercenary Ends.—That is, I believe so much of you *Two*, but Faith I have no such favourable Notions of the generality, especially the great *Patron* and *Champion* of your Cause.

Mac. We are oblig'd to you for what you say of us, and let others answer for themselves; our present Business is of quite another Nature. For I say

*Eternal Curses fall upon that Ass,
Who spoils with Politicks the flowing Glass;*

Let

*Let Pleasure, Wit, and Freedom then appear,
Sometimes a Jest, but nothing too severe:
For he who Fights and Dies in Tavern Brawls,
Draws like a Bully, like a Coxcomb falls.*

Exeunt.

SCENE continues.

*Enter Madam D'aurant and Bouquet, Two French
Nuns, and John an English Footman.*

M. D'aur. **W**ELL, Sister, this is an odd Ramble,
for a brace of Devotees, and truly I
think we may be said to have *left* the *World*, in as
true a Sense, as when we first enter'd the Nunnery;
for I can see nothing here that resembles the World
we liv'd in, poor half-starv'd raw-bone Wretches,
Men without Cloaths, and Women worse in them,
are such Objects, that I fancy myself, if not out of
the World, pretty near the end of it; for all the
Inhabitants here look as if they wanted only one step
to get out of it.

Bouq. I could endure any thing but that into-
lerable hideous barbarity of foul Linnen; upon my
Conscience I have not seen a clean Rag since we set
foot in the Kingdom; one would imagine by its looks
that they lay in their Table-Linnen, if we did not
know, by Experience, that they are unacquainted
with the Use of Sheets. O Love! what do we suffer
for thee! Thou imperious God, that ledest thy Vo-
taries into Climates that would damp any fires but
thine; thou can'st live in the most unlovely Regions,
and grow strong in a Land of Barrenness.

D'aur. Well done, Daughter *St. Clare*, thou art
the greatest Glory of our Order, I'll be hang'd if the
Saint herself could have fram'd a more heavenly and
rapturous Speech than thine. Come, Girl, the Song
pleases

pleases me, prithee let us have the second Part, and set it to the lovely *English* Tune of *Dear Harry*.

Bouq. O! that charming, softest Name! O! the dear dear owner, with Ten Thousand Graces in his Air, a Million of dancing Cupids in his Eyes, and Angels on his Tongue. His Figure, his Mien, his Courage, his engaging Sweetness, his agreeable Humours, his Languishings, his Dying Raptures——

D'aur. That last spoils all, dying Raptures, give me the living, the substantial Raptures; let my Pleasure be delicately refin'd, but still preserve as nice a quickness as Nature is capable of, and last——Let me see, how long should it last?

Bouq. Very well, Sister, a Modest Question, by the Memory of *Madam de Bourignon*; how long should it last? I own I did begin, but must submit to you, the second Part is yours, and you have play'd it in Perfection. But since you talk of the *Living* and the *Substantial*, prithee how shall we find out *Lord Harry*? For there our Happiness is to center.

D'aur. I can't tell, we must depend upon our Footman's enquiry, I believe; he must be the *Mercury* that passes between this God and us Goddeses——We have no other recourse, and he knows our Errand as well as we, or else he is no *Englishman* I am sure. Harkee, *John*, you must make the best Enquiry after my *Lord Harry*, and bring us News as soon as you hear any thing of him.

John. Indeed, Ladies, I am as great a Stranger as your selves, and don't know how to go about a strange Place on such an odd Errand.

D'aur. Odd Errand! What does the Fellow mean? Did we take you into our Service, d'ye think, to dispute our Commands; or did you engage to be our Guide and Servant only to leave us in the lurch?

John

John. I don't know, these are dangerous Times, and a Man may be Hang'd for a Spy as far as I know. I wish I had not come into these plaguy *Highlands*, but liv'd upon my *Frog Diet* in *France* still.

Bouq. Prithee, honest *John*, make no Words of the Matter, but make haste and get the best Intelligence you can, for we shall die if we don't receive some comfortable News at your return. Go, and there's something (*gives him Money*) to quicken your Pace, and sharpen your Understanding.

John. I am very willing to serve you, Ladies, and truly, now I think of it, I know a *Scotch Officer* in *Mar's Army* that was my Fellow-Prentice, and I'll find him if I can. But where shall I find you, Ladies, when I come back?

D'aur. We intend to strole about the Town a little this Morning, but you'll find us at our Lodgings in half an Hour.

John. I'll about it this Instant.

◆ [Exit.

Bouq. Well, good Fortune attend thee. Now if we can but hear of the dear Rogue, it will be a Cordial to our drooping Spirits; and I shall never repent, for my Part, whatever the *Chevalier* does, of my *Scots Expedition*.

D'aur. Upon my Word, Sister, I don't care a Fig what becomes of the Cause, so we have but our Man again. I thank kind *England* that has made his Country dangerous to him, and bless the happy Minute that he first set Foot on *French Ground*. Be it our Care to deserve his Love, and keep him from wandering to other Kingdoms, and newer Charms.

Bouq. He is positively the Gallantest of all Lovers — But then he has such Whimsical Humours —
as

as you may remember by the *Date* of some of his Letters from a certain Place.

D'aur. Pshaw! I am proud on it, methinks it sounds as well as *Given at our Court*, or *Donnez a Versailles*. But prithee let us run about the Town a little, for we shall freeze with standing still in this Climate.

Bouq. Lead then, my Dear, and turn down that great Street.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Tavern, Sign the Blue Bonnet.

Capt. Smith. Come, the other Bumper—To the next Battel, what say you? I hope to make one there.

Mac. With all my Heart, and I don't care if you fall into our Hands again.

Capt. Smith. Hold, Sir, no, it is your turn next; and if I am not mistaken, it will be the last you'll try. The honest *Dutch* will hold our Backs, Boys, and and we shall not be out-number'd again; though even so, we shew'd you the goodness of our Cause by our *Victory*. Success waits upon all *King George's* Actions. Your *Preston* Heroes have sufficiently mortify'd the hopes of your Party in *England*, and another *Dunblain* makes an end of the Matter in *Scotland*.

Wilf. Faith, Captain, I don't know what you think, but all the Letters in our Camp give us great hopes of *England* still.

Capt. Smith. Well they may, when they were all writ in your Camp. The Devil is in it if a Man can't tell a plain *Lye* for himself, who can Perjure himself, as your worthy *Leader* has done.

Mac.

Mac. But what do you think of *Scotland*? Can you imagine so many Brave Fellows, as you daily see, will desert, or refuse to fight, or run away?

Capt. Smith. I believe they will do the last, when they meet with braver Fellows; there are Degrees in Valour, Boys, as there are in Wine, and if you fall in my way you shall freely taste of both. In the mean time since this is not a Place for one, let us try the other; where does the next Battel stand? Pox, I thought it was on your Side?

Wils. Come then, here's to it. To a bloody Meeting, and a friendly Entertainment afterwards.

Capt. Smith. You will certainly meet with that among our Officers, but what Quarter the Government will give I can't tell. But away with this, a Scots Toast, my dears, I love a fair Enemy at my Heart, she promises a double Conquest to the Valiant Lover.

Wils. Now you are in the right: To begin then, Here is to the Lady that sat on the left Hand beneath the Pulpit, when we carry'd you last to the Kirk.

Capt. Smith. O what a pretty Pout she had with her Lips! What a gentle heaving on her Breast! What a demure sinfulness in her Leer! By Heaven! I did not hear one Word the Fellow said, nor see any one Face in the Assembly after I had once look'd upon hers. O! that I were but to propagate a Race of Loyal Georgites on that dear Charmer, and make a most glorious Union of Whig and Tory, when she and I became one Flesh. Here is to all I saw of her—and the hopes of seeing more.

Mac. So, Captain, I find you are in double Chains, an exchange of Prisoners will be of no service to you now; you must not leave *Scotland*, tho' sore against your Principles.

Wils. Suppose now a Man should tell you who the Lady is, her Character, Fortune, and such other Circumstances, which give a new relish to Beauty;

C

nay,

nay, if one should acquaint you where you may see her, converse with her, and perhaps Salute her, after two or three Boxes o' the Ear for attempting it, and not doing it the first time.

Capt. Smith. Why then I will say you are a good-natur'd cruel Fellow, for I have teaz'd you this Fort-night to tell me, and could not get a Word from you about her; but now I hope the better side of your Humour will show itself. Who is she?

Wilf. She is one that I have the Honour to be acquainted with.

Capt. Smith. And can't you admit a Partner, Brother Soldier? I never scrupled it in *Flanders*, two Buckets in a Well—You understand me.

Mob without. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Mac. What the Devil is the Matter without there? Some good News is come to the Camp certainly. Do you hear them again?

Mob without. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Capt. Smith. Damn the roaring Rascals, they have only plunder'd some Neighbouring Village, and got Drunk at some *Loyalists* Expence. Prithee, dear Jack, go on about the Lady——

Mob without. Huzza! God save the King.

Capt. Smith. Mar is turn'd Convert, I believe, and is gone over to the Duke of *Argyle*. But a little more of the Lady——

Wilf. We must know the meaning of that Noise first. Here, Landlord, Landlord, what is the Matter without, Friend? What's the reason of that hollowing?

Enter Landlord.

Landlord. Why, Master, they say *King James* is come to the Duke of *Mar*, and will be at *Perth* immediately.

[Exit Landlord.]

Mac.

Mac. What say you now, Captain, you used to Swear he did not dare cross the Water. Ha! Soldier, come we will begin his Health——

Capt. Smith. So you may, but I'll drink no *Bastard's* Health in *Europe*. Yet, Faith, I am glad he is come, we shall make an end of our Work the sooner, and then I shall have more leisure to attend my dear *Scots Mistress*; a Service more worthy for a Man of Honour, than that of a *Pretender*.

Mac. Come, never mind him, drink the Health, *Jack*, with the old Song.

*The bonniest Lad that e'er you saw,
Is on Perth Hills, not far away.*

Capt. Smith. Nay, Gentlemen, if you are for Singing, let me present you with a Song; upon my Honour it is a very good one, and has made me Merry many a time: Besides, it is to the Purpose, and tho' it has an *English Tune*, may be Sung in *Scotland*. Here it is. [*Sings.*]

I.

SINCE HANOVER *is come*
In spite of France and Rome,
And the Tories have met with their Matches:
Full Loyally they Sing,
To the Coming of their King,
And keep up their Courage with Catches.
But let 'em have their Song,
It can't be very long
E'er the Name shall be lost in the Nation;
They've nothing but a Tune
To support the Tenth of June,
And the Hopes of a RESTAURATION.

II.

'Tis a comfortable Noise
 To hear the roaring Boys,
 In a Note we ha' long been desiring :
 Their Musick must portend
 Their own latter End,
 And, like Swans, they are sweetly expiring.
 Their next melodious Strain
 Will be with Paul Lorain,
 And then let 'em Chaunt it fairly.
 For as sure as a Gun,
 The Stave will be begun,
 By that Old Psalm-raiser Harley.

How d'ye like it, Gentlemen ? Faith my last Letters say that the Prophecy is very near its Completion ; for they say the *Psalm-raiser* is coming to his Tryal, and Drinks and Prays most confoundedly, to prepare himself for the last Sentence.

Mob. Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !

Wilf. The People are at the old Game, prithee, don't let us set here chattering Politicks, when we shou'd be paying our Obedience. Our *King* is certainly arriv'd ; we'll leave the *Captain*, and his Tunes till another Opportunity, and pay him this Reckoning with an old Song at a more convenient Time.

Mac. We beg your Pardon, Sir, but we must be going, or we shall forfeit our Honour, and the next time we meet the dancing *Lewis d'Or's* shall trip it upon the Table at your command. We can't question but we shall roll in Money now, I warrant his Majesty has brought a *Plate-Fleet*—

Capt. Smith. Nothing, by Heaven ! but a Saint's Hair set in *Bristol Stones*, a musty Proclamation, two
 brace

brace of Jesuits, and the Blessing of his God-father the Pope.

Wils. Farewel, Sir, we shall see who guesse best in half an Hour. [*Exeunt Two Scots.*]

Capt. Smith. So, the Wretch is come, but the Devil take me if I can see a Grain of Policy in his Journey. If there is any Plot in the Matter, *Mother Church* has her share I am sure; but we have Wisdom enough in our Rulers to countermine, and Power enough to baffle all their Attempts: For my part I don't care to see a Thing I hate, and therefore if the Booby Boy is come, I'll leave their Triumph to their own Eyes, and look for a Bottle, or a Mistress, to give my Thoughts a better Turn. The last is best now—and Faith there is a Brace of clean ones *a propos.* Here Landlord— [*Looking out of the Window.*]

Enter Landlord.

Capt. Smith. Five Bottles, there is your Money. Do you know these Ladies that are passing by the Window?

Land. No, indeed, Captain, not I.

Capt. Smith. Then I will—

*O that some bold Adventure it may prove,
To try the Force of Valour and of Love;
Draw me to wound some Coxcomb in the Field,
And make the Fair One, by his falling, yield.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE the 3d. *The Street before the Nun's Lodgings.*

*Enter Madam D'aurant and Bouquet, the Two Nuns,
and Capt. Smith, at a little distance.*

D'aur. **T**HE King is come, and now we shall be sure to find our dear Lord in his Company.

ny—— But I wonder we have heard nothing of our Footman.

Capt. Smith. (*Aside*) So, I must change my *Politics*, I find, if I intend to succeed here; and as for the Duel I promis'd myself, it is cut out to my Hands, and with a Lord too.

Bouq. If any of these rude *Scots* Colonels should have a Notion of *Nuns-Flesh* so near them, we shou'd be delicately teased with their broad Language, as unfit for Love as their Bag-Pipes are for Musick.

Capt. Smith. (*Aside*) Worse and worse. I must not keep my *Religion* neither, I find, in these Quarters. What will they strip me of next, in the Name of Wonder? Well, a little Diffimulation may do: Now ye *Dear Saints* hear one who never called on you before, tho' I believe you have been solicited for Pimps often, come then, and assist me. *Draws near them.*

Ladies, permit an honest English Cavalier to adore Charms that have made him a Captive in a Land where he little expected. Sure those exquisitely elegant Features were never framed of *Scots Clay*; you should, by some Resemblances, *Ladies*, be my Country Women, but that I view in you something more divine than ever England produc'd.

D'aur. And, Sir, in return to your Compliment, we perceive in you something more impertinent than a *Frenchman*, and something more saucy than a *Highlander*; and so English Cavalier you may walk about your Business, for we have some of our own to employ us.

Capt. Smith. Now I can't imagine how two Women can employ themselves in Business. There is no such thing in Nature, and a Man must come in between you, or your Business is not worth a Pin; and so, if you want a third Person, or if you do not want one, consider that I may, and let us make good Company.

pany. Those Faces seem to be acquainted with Charity.

Bouq. So, Sir, because you suppose we are Charitable, you would have us give to every Beggar; but that's the way to ruin our selves, and make lusty Fellows idle.

Capt. Smith. Not at all, for the more you give me, or which is the same thing, allow me to take, I shall Work the more heartily, Flesh is the best support of Labour.

D'aur. Then you never read of a Flesh-Diet that takes away the Stomach. Ha, ha——

Capt. Smith. Yes I have heard of such a Thing, but I never met with it in all my Course.

Bouq. A Novice, a meer Novice.

Capt. Smith. No, my Fair Nuns, no Novice, you may make the Experiment.

D'aur. (*Afide*) Betray'd, by all the *Saints*! Come, Madam, let us leave this Cavalier to his Amusements.

Capt. Smith. Faith, Ladies, I must follow, I'm your Prisoner, and you must keep me now; I know my Duty as a Soldier, and must learn it as a Lover.

Bouq. Sir, I hope you won't be rude to Strangers, but show yourself a Gentleman; and you may by that, perhaps, engage our Company another time.

Capt. Smith. The Hour, the Minute, the Place, where, when, how?

D'aur. Not so fast, good Cavalier, this is our Lodging, make the best of your Knowledge; but if you are ever deny'd a Visit, go away, say nothing, and depend upon it, 'tis all for your good. And so we are yours when you can catch us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Capt. Smith. Very smart, truly; wonderful pretty both of them: These are the best Cargo the *Young Gentleman* has brought with him. But who can this
Lover

Lover Lord be? Pox on it, I have a thousand Whim-
sies in my Brain, see them again I must; so that Point
is determin'd—But my dear *Scots* Beauty—She sticks
nearest. Well, suppose I make a short Dinner, and so
make it out at Supper; try here first, and then at-
tack there—Two or Three Strings to the Bow, is a
good Proverb, or as the *English* Bard says,

*That Mouse who meanly trusts to one poor Hole,
Can never be a Mouse of any Soul.*

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE *A great Hall.*

Enter Bolingbroke, Mar, Marischal, and Hamilton

Boling. **A**LL Joy and Glory bleſs this happy Land,
O! let her raiſe her Head to meet her
A Name for many Years to her unknown. (Prince;
Ruled as a Province, by a diſtant Lord,
And ſway'd by Power of Arbitrary Will;
The *Genius* of afflicted *Scotland* ſat
And mourn'd the drooping Honours of her Land:
But you, my Lords, the Braveſt of her Sons,
Reſerv'd by Fate for great and glorious Deeds
Have ſhook the Iron Bondage from her Neck;
By you her Antient Splendor ſhall ariſe,
And the proud Neighbour, who oppreſs'd her ſore,
Shall feel the heavy Burthen in her turn.
England, who drove away to Foreign Realms
Her worthieſt *Peers*, ſhall mourn the raſh Diſgrace.
From hence her Monarchs drew their Antient Line,

From

From hence the goodly Train of STUART's came;
 And now again, to bless us all, the Saints,
 She shall another greater STUART own.
 But you, my Lords, must work this wondrous Change;
 Must with your Swords the hardy Passage cleave;
 To me the humbler Duty of the Pen,
 To you the Business of the War belongs.

Mar. Most noble Lord, to whose directing Hand
 Our Monarch owes the Prospect of his Crown,
 Most humbly we receive your honest Praise;
 What we have done for him, is little yet,
 But now his Presence, and your Councils warm,
 To mighty Things, we shall no Dangers fear,
 But try the last Extream with all our Foes.

Ham. Let *Dunblain* speak, all bloody with the Slain,
 How well our Hands gave Witness to our Hearts;
 Many a noble Battle have I seen,
 And not the last my self in War appear'd;
 But never yet before these Eyes beheld
 A Day where Valour more her self display'd,
 Or hardy Courage stood with more Resolve,
 Tempting all Dangers, and defying all.
 Your self have seen the Monuments that tell,
 How well we fought, and how much more deserv'd;
 Our next Account shall make the Reck'ning even,
 And chase *Argyle*, with all his foreign Bands,
 To seek a Refuge, and beyond the *Tweed*.

Bol. Brave Gen'ral, well we know thy Standard worth,
 Before experienc'd in the Field of War;
 But never did a Cause so good before
 Employ thy Arm, or hang upon thy Sword.
 Well has thy martial Flame our Friends inspir'd,
 And rais'd thy Countrys Honour with thy own.
 Forgive me, Noble Lords, that thus I speak,
 Conferring here a Praise that all deserve;
 For all have nobly fought, nor is there one
 That stands excluded from our gen'ral Thanks.

D

The

The King who best discerns, and best rewards
Your Faithful Service, soon will heap your Bows
With other Glories than the Lawrel Branch.

A short Repose unwillingly detains
His sacred Person from your longing Arms;
But soon your eager Hopes shall be fulfill'd,
Nor less will be his Transports than your own,
For so he bid me say.

E. Mar. I long to lay my Standard at his Feet,
Again to take it from his Royal Hand,
Full of his Blessing, that shall make it rise
With double Glory on the martial Plain.

Bol. Now may you all be prosp'rous in your Hopes!
And when I view such noble Spirits joyn'd,
Who can distrust, who doubt the sure Success?
Sure it would ill become my eager Soul,
To drop a Word that bore a Sign of Fear,
When you engage in such a virtuous Cause.
But now my Duty calls me to the King;
Pardon, good Lords, that Eagerness of Haste,
Which will be recompenc'd when next we meet.

*A diff'rent Genius in our Spirits reigns,
You fight our Battles in the Bloody Plains;
In gentler Arts my Fame I strive to raise,
You make the Plot, — and I will write the Plays.*

Mar. This Lord still holds his humours Airs of Mirth,
And fills the most important Scenes of Life
With Gaiety and Pleasantry of Wit.

Maris. Why haste we not, my Lords, to meet the
[King,
My Heart can think of nothing else but him,
But burns impatient to receive the Stamp
Of his great Image; which when once impress'd
No Time nor Danger ever shall erase
The lovely lasting Witness of my Loyalty.

Mar.

[Words

Mar. Well hast thou spoke, Auspicious Youth, thy
Are ever faithful to thy Honest Heart,
And show a Spirit, that our *King* shall love
With Royal Tendernefs, and oft will Grace
With mighty Honours, and deserv'd Applause :
Soon will I tell thy Virtues to his Ear,
And proudly tell him what a God-like Youth
Adorns our Cause, and dignifies our Arms.

Ham. Come, let our Actions, and our Arms bespeak
The Royal Favour, not a partial View.

Mar. I lead you then, my Friends, and Royal Peers,
Let each Man speak as best becomes his Place,
It is my Duty to admire you all.

Marif. O! may we happily our Monarch greet,
And never part again when once we meet,
Fix'd by our Arms may his firm Scepter stand,
And flourish ever in a STUART'S Hand!

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter *Madam D'aurant* and *Bouquet*, Mask'd, *Capt.*
Smith running after, and *Bolingbroke* at the other
Door.

D'aur. **D**E A R Sister, I am quite out of Breath,
I hope the Wretches have not the Impu-
dence to pursue us (turning about to *Capt. Smith*) O!
here's the *English Cavalier*, we are fallen into his Pro-
tection, we must make Use of it. Pray, Sir, as you
are a Gentleman, do us the favour to preserve two
Errant Damsels from an Insult we have reason to be
afraid of.

D 2

Capt.

Capt. Smith. Yes, Ladies, what my Sword and Hand can do, is at your Service, and if there is a Regiment of Rogues I will not fly for it. But then I hope for a little Compassion on your Side, which I think is but fair, and I might claim from your last Promise.

Bolin. O! hadst thou, Cruel, been content to seize
Hairs less in fight, or any Hairs but these.

Very pretty, Faith, but that is a Farce not to be Play'd in this Land; a Man may as well take a *Northern* Bear by the Beard, as attempt a *Scotish* Lady. Ha! These look a little better, now my dear Impudence fail me not. Ladies, Ladies, have you got any Scented Bottles, or Perfumes about you, for Heaven sake pity a poor Man just a fainting.

Bouq. It is he by his Voice (*aside*) We must not discover — Here, Stranger, if this will be of any Service to you pray use it and keep it.

Bolin. This, this (*takes her Hand*) has a better Cordial in it than all the Perfumes in the *East*! Oh! How my Spirits Dance, I feel Life now, and know its Value, since I owe it to so Divine a Creature.

Capt. Smith. Who the Devil is this (*aside*) This Fellow will certainly out-talk me, and so I shall not trust him. Pray, Sir, what have you to say to these Ladies, they are my Friends, and I must not hear them Affronted?

Bolin. Affronted, Sir, why was ever Woman Affronted with a Lover, unless a very awkward *Scots* one! Or would not be proud of a Compliment from any Hand.

Capt. Smith. You have made the Ladies no Compliment now, Sir, I think. And I suppose the rest of your Discourse will be no better, and so I think it my Duty to keep you at a distance.

D'aur. Fair Play, Captain, you are both Strangers alike to us, and we are not so vain as to desire any Fighting for us, we don't love to be set up for Prizes

at

at a Tryal of Skill. If you think of pleasing us it must not be by Dying.

Bouq. No, we'll be won another way; besides here are two of us, and it would be unconscionable to Quarrel for more than you can dispose of. *Enough*, you know, *is as good as a Feast*, and all above it is no Feast, but a false Appetite running into a Surfeit.

Bolin. Faith, Ladies, I am oblig'd to you, and now if you will be but so kind as to tell me which is my Dish, I'll assure you I'll make as short a Grace as I can, and fall too immediately.

Capt. Smith. Since it is the Ladies Proposal I am willing to hearken to any Conditions of Peace; but I think it is a Soldier's part to seize as fast as he can, and so, dear Madam (*lays hold on D'aurant*) I am just now going to my Quarters, where there is the best Wine, and the only clean Linnen in all Scotland.

D'aur. Hold, Captain, I am not in such haste, tho' I own the Invitation of Cleanliness no small Article in your favour, but I fancy that Cavalier cou'd oblige me in that Point as well as you.

Capt. Smith. If you are there, Madam, I have done, and see my Game is here.

Bouq. Not here neither, Sir; O Lord, who is coming out yonder (*Looks out*) we shall be surrounded by a Troop of Horse, while we are Capitulating, if we don't take care.

Bolin. They are the King's Troops, and none of them shall dare to touch you; I will be your Protection, Ladies——

Capt. Smith. Zoons, I'll fight the whole Troop if you'll be but a little Civil; tho' I am a Prisoner I will not see a Woman abus'd.

Bouq. A Prisoner! O Laird.

D'aur. A Prisoner!

Bolin.

Bolin. Come along, Ladies, I'll secure you from their Insults; if you doubt my Quality, I will soon discover it to your Advantage.

Both. Allons! Adieu! Prisoner! Poor Prisoner——
[Runs off with Bolin.]

Capt. Smith solus.

The Devil certainly takes care to give me all the Plagues he can, flings Temptation in my Mouth, draws me to the Bait as a Boy does a Fish, and just as I am going to swallow, whips it away, and leaves me gaping to no purpose. Twice have I met these Ladies, and cou'd have no opportunity to handle them; nay when I thought I had them at the surest, they vanish'd and left me as the Witches did *Mackbeth*, when I wanted the greatest Secret of all. And now, to make amends, here comes the Pretender and all his Gang of Fools and Rogues. I will try to divert myself with hearing what I can, for they say he is wonderfully given to Crying and Speech-making.

Enter the Pretender, Mar, Officers, Women and Soldiers.

Mar. Behold, my Countrymen, your Gracious King, Who at his Subjects call is come to bless This happy Land, and to possess that Crown Which he from long Descent of *Scottish* Blood Most rightly Claims; but ah! too long his Right An ill ungrateful People have deny'd. But Providence at length has heard our Prayers, And brought our Hope, our Wish, our Monarch here, View, and adore him, as good Subjects ought.

Capt. Smith: Adore him! Of what Church is that the Doctrine? (*aside*) He that can look upon that Face, and fall down and Worship it, is to me one of the
the

the greatest Believers upon the face of the Earth. Poor Wretch, how he trembles! I wish his Nurse was here, O Lord the Thing is going to speak, now for a Speech out of the *Vatican*.

Pret. My good and loving People, and my Friends, Who here stand ready to defend the Cause Of injur'd Innocence, attend my Words. Alas! The Suff'rings that your King has felt, Is such a Tale as wou'd command the Tears Of the most cruel Heart, and melt the Eyes Of stern Barbarians into softest Pity.

Capt. Smith. (*Aside*) That is as much as to say he'll make every *Highlander* cry poor Baby! I warrant you if some *English* Ladies were here, they wou'd weep as plentifully as they did at *Sacheverell's* Speech.

Pret. When Young, and Helpless, in my ^{[Arms,} Nurses I with my Royal Parents forc'd away, My Country left, and long in Foreign Lands We felt, alas! the heavy weight of Woe, Insulting Scorns, and sad Disgrace our Lot; While we on others Bounty's fed, and ow'd The poor Remains of wretched Royalty To mighty *Lewis*; while our Haughty Foe Possess'd our Kingdoms, and defy'd our Right, Supported by a giddy cruel People's Hands, Who felt no Pity, no Remorse of Heart For all their Injuries——

Mar. It is a dismal Tale, my Countrymen, And I assure you that my Heart has bled In secret often, for our injur'd Prince. O! make his Sorrows now your own, and show Your gen'rous Pity, and redress his Wrongs.

Pret. Our Royal Father gather'd to the Saints, With restless Malice I was still pursu'd, And drove a Wanderer from Place to Place, Depending still on foreign Hopes and Smiles. But when our Royal *Sister* Rul'd the Land, And

And settled *Peace* among our harrafs'd Subjects,
 Then first our Heart the taste of Comfort knew,
 Her we beheld not with an envious Eye,
 So faithfully her Ministers discharg'd
 Their Trust, that we our selves could not repine,
 Foreseeing that from *Men* like them must come,
 That *Restoration* which *Britannia* wish'd.
 But ah! too suddenly the Pious *Queen*
 Left the recovering Land, and all our Hopes
 Again run backward, till these Worthy *Peers*
 Our faithful *Leigemen* call'd us to our own.
 They often told us that the Hearts of all
 Were turn'd, and Providence now seem'd
 To bid us mount our Predecessor's Throne.
 I heard the Summons with a willing Ear,
 And oft in Secret for my People pray'd,
 At last resolv'd with pious Confidence
 To trust the dangerous Seas, and doubtful Field,
 To show my loving *Scots*, my early Friends,
 How well their Monarch had deserv'd their Love.

Capt. Smith (Aside) Well, I never heard such a Story in my Life; why, one wou'd think the Fellow only came to quicken the Hanging of his Friends, for he has confess'd all their Plots from the time of the late Reign. I hope my Duke *Mar* will suffer for that.

[depends

Pret. You see, brave Friends, how much your Prince Upon your Loyal Hearts, the Work you have begun Heav'n and the *Saints* (for sure they fight for us) Will finish soon; my *Scots* alone stand firm, I ask no other Succours—But O! remember, Remember all my Woes, and all my Wrongs, My Vows, my Pray'rs, my Tears for all my People.

Mar. Doubt not, O Royal Sir, you're *Scottish* Hearts They soon obey'd, and scorn to quit their Hopes, Since now your Presence gives them new Resolves, And fires their Souls to eagerness of War;

I read their Honest Hearts in ev'ry look,
Then go, my Countrymen, with loud acclaim,
Confess your King, and let a gen'ral Shout
Speak forth the firm Obedience of your Hearts.

Mob. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! God save the King.

Mar. 'Tis well, the King accepts, and Thanks your
[Loves,

Hè now retires assur'd of good Success,
For a small time he bids you all farewell,
For so the weighty Cares of War demand.

Exeunt.

SCENE *a Council Room.*

Enter Pretender, Mar, Marischal and Hamilton.

[Crown,

Mar. IF you design, Great Sir, to take the *Scottish*
You must comply with all the useful Forms,
And that will fix the People on your Side.

Pret. Indeed, my Noble Lord, you urge a Thing
The most ungrateful to your *Prince's* Heart,
I cannot take the Oath, my Royal Sire
Forbad it, and my frequent Vows, in Heav'n
Recorded by the *Saints*, forbid it too;
Yet more, the Holy Successor of *Christ*,
The Father of the Church, the Sacred *Pope*,
To him I must a Filial Duty pay,
And take my Scepter from his holy Hands;
He, he, forbids it —

Ham. I wou'd not seem to press your Royal Heart,
But sure the *Pope*, who wishes you the Crown,
Will not cut off, or intercept the Means
To gain that Crown, and all by squeamish Fears
Of idle Conscience, which the holy Man
You know can easily forgive at Will,

E

These

Were it my Care, no foolish Bonds shou'd cramp
 My Soul with Scruples, and Religious Toys;
 O! break them, Royal Sir, and wear the Crown,
 The Miter'd Father gladly will retract
 These harsh Conditions, when he hears the Gain
 That will accrue to him that breaks the Tie.

Pret. Alas! my General, you talk slightly now,
 You know not half the Fears which crowd my Heart,
 And how much Conscience would reproach my Soul,
 Should I offend against the *See of Rome*.

Marif. Thus much, most noble Prince, I hold as true,
 This Course is fittest for our present Views;
 Nothing but this can keep our Soldiers firm:
 But if your Princely Wisdom thinks it wrong,
 I from my Cradle have Obedience learnt,
 And ne'er can pay it better than to you.

Pret. You speak, my Lord, as all good Subjects shou'd,
 And much I Thank you for your duteous Heart:
 There are a thousand things which erring Men
 May think do best conduce to Moral Ends;
 All grounds of Probability, and Means
 Of fairest Show may flatter our weak Sight,
 And yet Destruction follow at the End.
 But he who cannot *Err*, the *Holy Man*
 Who represents Divinity on Earth,
 Infallibly pronounces as he Wills,
 And knows the certain End of all our Actions.
 He, he has told me with unerring Tongue
 It must be so.

Ham. (*Aside*) The Devil seize that canting holy
 [Villain,
 Who Stamps his Lyes to make them current here
 With Heav'ns Ensigns, and brings the Source of Truth
 To bear its Witness unto falsest Legends.
 Ah! wretched Cause, which hangs upon this Aid,
 However strong and noble in its self,
 Let but a Priest with tainted Breath pollute

Its

Its blooming Spring, and all its Strength shall fail,
Its Glory wither, and its Root decay !

Pret. Why murmurs thus my Gen'ral to himself,
Give me to know of thy Complaints,
And they shall be redress'd—I now retire
In private, General, speak to us of all
That near concerns us, and you shall be heard,
• [*Exeunt Pret. Marif. &c.*

Hamilton alone.

Ham. *Scotland*, thou art no more my Native Soil,
For I must change thee soon for other Climes;
Curse on the Cause that forces me away!
But oh! it must be so——
Sure I may name my Sorrows to my self;
A puny, puling Wretch, a *Priest-rid* Boy,
Nurs'd up with Bugbears, and Religious Tales,
Which he who once believes can never think
Or act a glorious Deed, restrain'd by Fear
They cramp the rising Soul in all its flights,
And with eternal Scruples that beget
Each other with accursed fruitfulness,
Perplex the Mind, and multiply by Thought.

*O may I live secure, serenely blest,
Free from a fearful Prince, and scaring Priest;
May no false Notions of Religions Chains,
To real Evils turn fantastick Brains;
My Prince may take my Sword, but I impart,
Both Soul and Friendship to the bravest Heart.*

[*Exit.*

A C T III. *Scene I.**Enter Mar and Hamilton.*

Mar. **G**OOD Gen'ral no more, this giddy Passion
Will spoil our Cause, and give our Foes
(Success.

Ham. Passion, my Lord, tell me not of Passion,
A *Monarch* that will neither Swear nor Fight,
I'm sure can never be a Monarch long ;
And when I tell you this you talk of Passion,
But I say 'tis Truth ; severest Truth, my Lord.
My Passion spoil the Cause ! The Cause it self
Is fled in Cowardice, and Priestly Fears,
By Heav'n it is ; for who wou'd draw a Sword
For Preaching Wretches, and for fearful Boys,
That shake and tremble at the Name of War.
As for our Foës, who doubts their sure Success,
While we are talking down our Noble Souls,
And damping all our Hopes with little Fears,
And Godly Politicks.

Mar. I own, good Gen'ral, what you say is true,
But you are now design'd for better Views,
For your Commission's sign'd to act at *Paris*,
And, as Ambassador, to beg Supplies.

Ham. I thank you, Sir, by this I now perceive
There are no Wars, and Battles to be fought,
I wish there were ; for then my Native Land
I would not leave thee in a dangerous Day,
But firm to *Scotland*, in the bloody Field
Assert my Country's Honour, and my own ;
Then should I Die, it were a glorious Death,
And wou'd become the Register of Men

That

That warm Posterity to mighty Deeds,
By telling how their great Fore-fathers did.

Mar. I doubt not of your Courage, or your Word,
I wish you good Success, and take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Ham. And, by the Gods, unwillingly I go,
But what avails it for a single Man
To struggle with the Politicks of *Rome*?
Ha! who's here approaching——

Enter Bolingbroke and Two Ladies.

Bolin. General, dear General, you are going to
France they say, I have got a Boat ready, prithee let
this pretty Cargo keep you Company, we shall leave
worse Company behind us.

Ham. What you please, my Lord, if the Ladies ac-
cept of my Convoy, I expect to be paid in very good
Specie——

Bolin. Phoo! they will not be very nice about that,
when you are paid, Sir; I tell you if you have Face
enough to deny the Receipt, they'll pay you again,
and so on till you are weary.

Ham. Pray, my Lord, let the Ladies promise for
themselves, for I take the Woman's Word by Proxy
when the Person is upon the Spot, and can speak for
her self. Well, Ladies, do we Article?

D'aur. Sir, we wou'd willingly give any thing to
get quit of this Country; as for the Terms I can on-
ly say I love a Soldier very well, and hate *Scotland*
mortally.

Bouq. And for my part, General, I shall consider
you not only as my Protector, but Commander, and
I hope you know how strong your Commission is in
Points of that Nature.

Bolin.

Bolin. Pray, Ladies, how the Devil came you to be certain that I should be Sea-sick all the way over to *France*?

D'aur. Why do you ask that Question, my Lord?

Bolin. Why methinks your Bargain for Convoy-Ship runs upon that Supposition, for I may be as Well, and as Hungry as the General.

Bouq. O you Devil you; what a strange Interpretation you put upon our Words?

Bolin. I'll be hang'd if the Text is strain'd at all, is it not perfectly natural, General, and can there be any other Sense in their Promise but what I have taken it in?

Ham. Faith the Point is very clear, and I swear I'll stand by your Interpretation, and think you more Infallible than the *Pope*. Well, but we must take our leave of the KING before we go.

Bolin. By no means, that looks like Folks kissing at the Gallows, I don't approve of Compliments at such a Time as this. We will drink his Health, and Success at *Sea*, it is the only proper Element to drink Healths in. What say you, Ladies?

Bouq. Your Lordship knows our meaning, you are a very good Interpreter now.

Ham. It wou'd look better, methinks, to pay that common Civility.

Bolin. Wou'd it look better to march as your Country-men did from *Preston*? I tell you that is the Consequence, and for my own part, I would not be within twenty Miles march of *Argyle* for the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*.

D'aur. Your Lordship argues very strongly, and much like a Hero.

Bolin. I am *Hero* enough to deal with you, fair Ladies, and faith I don't desire to be Chronicled for a Blockhead, that had my Brains beat out for my Politicks.

D'aur.

Daur. Good General let us secure our selves as fast as we can, for I am in a Panic, and care not how soon I run in Debt to you for the safety of my Person.

Bolin. Come, let us make the best haste we can, this Country is the worst in the World, it is both too cold, and too hot to hold me.

Ham. Well, I am at your Service, and will do my best to deserve the good Opinion of your Lordships Friends: You must depend upon me for your Guide, I know the Country.

Bouq. And I am glad I know that I am to leave it.

D'aur. Dear, dirty, loyal, rebellious Scotland farewell.

Bolin. Now I never take my leave without a Rhime or two.

*Adieu cold Scots, Fight bravely for your King,
While I at Paris my Te Deum sing;
When once he's Crown'd, and cursed Whiggism falls,
I'll sing it with dear Francis at St. Paul's.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Capt. Smith, and Lætitia a Scots Lady.

Capt. Smith. **W**ELL, Madam, you'll remember your Promise, that when the *Young Coxcomb* is run away, you'll accept of an *English Cavalier* that dares stick by his Friends.

Lat. You have my Word, Captain, but really I believe you will never have an Opportunity of demanding

ing the Performance of my Promise ; for every thing seems to be against you, the *Pretender* and his Army are strong, and in good Heart, and they still depend upon Success in *England*.

Capt. Smith. I assure you half their Friends there are in Goals and Prisons, and the rest shake their Heads on the better side of the Grate, but don't care for going in at all. As for his Army it moulders to nothing, every Man looks as if it were time to shift for himself, and the poor *Vagrant* at the Head of them is half dead with Cold and Fear.

Lat. Then you reckon it pretty sure you shall carry me into *England*, and shew me *London*.

Capt. Smith. Ay, ay, Lady ; all the Wizards in *Scotland*, and all the Devils in Hell can't hinder it, if you consent. For, upon my Honour, *Mar* and the rest are only consulting how to sneak off most commodiously, and leave their Friends to be Hang'd in their stead.

Lat. Are you serious, Sir ?

Capt. Smith. Some of their own Officers told me so just now ; you must know, Madam, the *Pretender* is Sick, and that's one reason for his taking a Voyage, his Physicians agree that it is much better for his Constitution to be *Sea-sick* than *Land-sick*.

Lat. What will become of the unfortunate Gentlemen who have engag'd in his Cause ; I vow I pity them. Pray, Captain, what will they do ?

Capt. Smith. Truly, Madam, my Opinion is, that some will run away, some will be Hang'd, and some will be Pardon'd ; I hope your Friends will be in the last Lift.

Lat. Dear Captain, you must engage your Interest and Friendship for my Brother, upon that Condition I am yours.

Capt. Smith. You may command me, Madam, the kindness of his Treatment of a Prisoner would be induce

inducement to a brave Man, and your Beauty makes his safety a double Pleasure to me.

Lat. Let it be done, thou Generous Soldier, and I *Latitia* shall spend a Life in Gratitude and Love, to oblige the Man who sav'd her Brother.

Capt. Smith. Such Professions from one so dear to me, give me a painful Rapture, and I am miserable 'till I have deserv'd them. Trust me, *Latitia*, and wish my Cares for him Success, for I'll go this Minute and write about his Pardon.

Lat. O do! *Latitia* leaves her Hopes to Heaven and you, and goes to pray that she may thank you both. Farewel, my Soldier, and Heav'n prosper thee. When next we meet—— I'll say no more—— Adieu.

Exit.

Capt. Smith. Sweet, Lovely, Innocence! I would not tell her that I have a Promise for her Brother's Pardon, but when the *Pretender's* fled I'll tell her all, and demand my promised Happiness. She then is mine, and sure the *Chevalier* can't stay to bar my Joys one Day longer——O! yonder he comes, to make his last Speech I suppose—and so for *St. Germans*. I'll avoid them——

Exit.

Enter Pretender, Mar, and Marischal.

Pret. Alas! my Lords, I'm wond'rous Sick at Heart, Poor *Scotland*! Poor, Unhappy *JAMES*!

Mar. Weep not, most gentle Monarch, O! forbear To give your Friends a double weight of Woe. Ill Fortune has already sunk us down, And still she presses hard, and threatens more, Lighten her Hand, and make her less our Foe; Smile, Glorious Prince, for every Tear you shed Draws drops of Blood from my afflicted Heart.

F.

Marif.

Marif. I cannot think our Cause is fallen so low,
Or we so lost to Reason, and our selves,
As to believe it may not rise again.

Let us defer the Day of Sorrow long,
As yet it is not come in my Account,
And why should we call on Adversity,
Court distant Miseries, and talk of Grievs
That have not yet a Birth or Name?

Pret. Alas! it is impossible, my Lord,
To hide the wretched Fortune of our Arms,
We are too weak to meet our Foe *Argyle*,
Ay me! there's something dread in that great Name,
Something that shocks my Heart, and chills my Blood,
O! 'tis a Name of sad Portent to me!
For, I will tell you, as in depth of Night
Awake I lay, revolving on my Cares.
My Father's Shade stood present to my Eyes,
He bore a broken Sceptre in his Hand,
And Sorrow sat engraven on his Brow.
I Sigh'd and trembl'd at the doleful View,
And mumbld many an *Ave Maria* o're;
Then thrice I cross'd my Forehead, thrice my Breast,
When thus the *Royal* Form began to say.

O fly, my Child, from fatal Scotland fly,
For swift Destruction hovers o'er thy Head,
Thy Force is weak, and thou unhappy Boy,
Not 'form'd for Expeditions in the Field,
Hast at the best a Mean and Coward Soul;
Thy Friends are Poor, and ignorant of War,
Which if thou 'tempt'st in this successful Land,
Know that *Argyle*, thy dreadful Foe *Argyle*,
Watchful in Camps, and Valiant in the Night,
Shall lead thee Captive in inglorious Triumph:
Remember *Argyle*, *Argyle*——

These

These Words repeated with a solemn Voice,
The Royal Shadow fled, but deep impress'd
He left his Words, and Warning in my Heart.
Hence are my Fears, the Cause display'd, forgive
Your Master thinking on the Fate he flies.

Marif. Indeed, my Prince, these all are sickly Dragons.]

And misbecome the Race whence you derive
Your Princely Lineage —

Pret. Alas, my Lord, I plainly saw and heard
All I relate, and much I fear *Argyle*,
Argyle still eccho's in my wounded Ear,
Presenting Death in one foreboding Sound.

Mar. When I beheld with what a solemn Air,
And with what Horror in the Speaker's Look
You tell this Tale, I must believe it true.
Then let us take the Omen at this Time,
And with a speedy Sail make haste to *France*.

Marif. O Shame! Confusion! Horror and Disgrace!
What leave a Crown, abandon all your Friends,
Your faithful Friends, whose Lives on you depend?
And for a Dream, an idle Vapour bred
From Waking Fears, and nurs'd in mighty Sleep,
When Fancy turns the Heads of sickly Girls?
By Heav'n, I swear, the Cause this Sword maintains
Shall not be lost by Sickliness of Spleen.

Mar. You are too warm, my Friend, in this Affair,
Reflect but coolly on our present State,
You will have reason to repent your Words:
Think on the Strength and Courage of our Foes,
Long bred in Camps, and vers'd in bloody Wars;
Ours is a Brave, but yet unpractis'd Force,
And we have many a doubtful heartless Friend,
Wealth has its Charms—and we may be betray'd.

Marif. Now, by Heav'n, it is a base suspicion,
And he who thinks so meanly of his Friend,
Seeks an occasion to become his Foe.

Pret. I beg, my Lord, that you would check this [Heat,
And reason fairly in your Prince's Cause ;
Heav'n knows with what unwillingness I go,
But it is vain to hope—when all's *Despair*.

Marif. I cannot think our Pow'r is yet so weak
But we may strive, and Battel it again.

O! let us Die like Men, in glorious War,
Not live like Cowards, banish'd in *Disgrace*.

O! *Mar*, I do remember well the Time
When thou didst talk as bravely as the best,
When thy bold Tongue with Words of rapid Fire
Drew our assembl'd Peerage to the Field,
And bids us arm for Freedom, and our Prince,
And do I live to hear that Tongue recant,
Unsay its Valour, and betray the Cause
It first inspir'd?—

Pret. My Lord, I must command your silence now,
Take your own Course, but ours we firmly hold :
We wish you well,—but cannot hope it so.

[mand,
Mar. Dear Friend forgive me, but my Prince Com-
Witness these Tears! I would not leave thee.
O! can you think of his Captivity so unmov'd,
Or see our Royal Master's Hands in Chains,
Would you not curse the Author of that ill?
Our Flight prevents the Fate he must endure,
Then reason better, and prevent that Fate.

Pret. Dear Lord, each Minute brings us fresh Alarms,
Of *Argyle's* hasty Marches to our Camp,
You know with what a Gust for War he comes,
He fir'd with Glory, and a thirst of Fame,
O'er-looks all Dangers, and defies all Fears
Alas! methinks I see an Army near
Look out, my Lords, What mean those Ensigns there?
I can't support it—

Mar.

Mar. Alas! he faints, O! poor unhappy Prince,
Assist, my Lord, and let us hence remove
An Object that would damp our Soldiers Hearts,
And cast away our future Hopes at once.

[They carry him off in their Arms.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Marischal.

Marif. **W**ELL, he is gone, unmindful of his Friends,
Who now have little hope of Comfort left
But what a Refuge to the Hills secures,
Or a more noble Fate, the Victor's Sword.
If I forgive thee, *Mar*, degenerate Lord,
If I forgive thy Falshood, and our Wrongs,
Then blast me Heav'n, and with continu'd Woes
Plague all my House; —no the Traitor Peer
Who taught our Hands to play with Monarchy,
And tempt the Justice of our Ruler's Wrath,
Then left us in the Moment of our Danger,
Shall ever be a Fiend to me—by Heav'n he shall;
A false, dissembling, double Traitor—Fiend.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, our Foes are just arriv'd at *Perth*,
And all our Gates are op'ning to *Argyle*!

Mar. Then welcome Death—he is a generous Foe,
But yet so well I know my self, my Heart,
Inveterate to his Cause, forbids all Hope.
Inglorious Life, I must embrace thee now,
And live an Exile in the Rocky Cliffs,
Till Treason finds a new Betrayer there,

And

And gives me to the Hand of Justice.
 This I expect, not fear, for Life is nought,
 When Honour, and when Freedom are no more ;
 My Blood Attainted touches most my Soul,
 A sad Inheritance I leave behind me,
*And sure Posterity will curse my Name,
 That gave them Being only for their Shame.*

Exit.

Enter Captain Smith and Lætitia.

Capt. Smith. The Duke of *Argyle* is come within the Town, the *Pretender* is vanish'd, and gone for *France*, and now I claim my Promise.

Lat. Here, generous Soldier, take my Hand, and with it a very true, tender, faithful Heart, which I shall ne'er repent the giving to one who dar'd be Loyal in so base an Age. For sure the same Spirit that makes a Man just to his King, and his Honour will keep him faithful to his Wife.

Capt. Smith. I can but promise that it shall, and tho' I know my Heart steddy, yet I am sure of so many Ties to keep it so in those Charms, that I can say it will be so.

Lat. There is one Article still behind, my Brother's Pardon, I tremble for your Answer. .

Capt. Smith. I have had a Promise of it, here is the Letter, satisfy your self.

Takes the Letter, reads and returns it.

Lat. Thanks to my virtuous Soldier, the Obligations rise so fast on your side, that I fear I shall not be able to repay you.

Capt. Smith. The possession of so much Beauty and Goodness, would quit a thousand greater Debts than these.

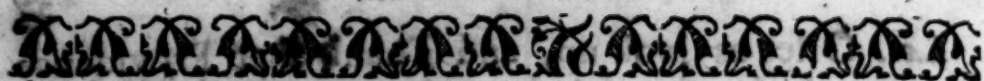
Lat.

Lat. O let us look up, and Thank that Providence that guards the virtuous thus, that puts the Valiant to the Tryal for greater Proofs of their Merit, that fixes Thrones the stronger from the Shocks of Rebellion, and draws so much happiness out of evil.

Capt. Smith. Much I applaud thy grateful Spirit, and agree with thee in adoring the divine goodness; let this Example be a Warning to Posterity.

*For all Rebellions, where'soe'er they tend,
Bad in their Cause, are fatal in their End;
They fix that Pow'r they're striving to o'erthrow,
As shaken Trees more strongly rooted grow.
And may all Politicks that come from Rome
Fall like this last, and meet an equal Doom.*

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